Assembly Reading Room

COLEMAN MINER

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COLEMAN PEBBLES

Happenings of Interest in and Around this Bustling Town. You are Talked About

Miss Nettie McIntyre is visiting friends in Fernie and Nelson.

WANTED—Table and lodging boarders at "The Boarding House."

Geo. Gage assisted at the C.P.R. station for a few days in the absence of the agent.

Cigars that please can be had at the Coleman Drug Store. All the best brands and flavors. Try them.

Miss McIntyre's millinery department will be open in the afternoons only during the month of July.

The obliging agent of the C.P.R., T. B. Smith, went to Calgary on Monday night, returning this morning.

O. W. Benedict, wife, two children and Miss McIntosh left on Tuesday for Calgary, to visit the Dominion fair.

Our popular druggist and secretary of the Board of Trade, H. A. Parks, spent several days in Fernie last week.

Rev. J. Sergeant, pastor of the Baptist church, will preach next Sunday morning in I O.O.F. hall, at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Charles Dunlop left on Tuesday for Calgary to visit the Dominion fair. She will also visit Mrs. A. Beck at Taber.

A. C. Flumerfelt of Victoria, B.C., president of the International Coal & Coke Co., spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

H. N. Galer, of Spokane, Washington, vice-president of the International Coal & Coke Co., spent Saturday and Sunday in Coleman.

J. M. Hill and Mr. O'Driscoll, formerly merchants in Coleman, have gone to Vancouver with the intention of going into business.

Mr. and Mrs. Whimster, brother-in-law and sister to our esteemed post master, D. J. McIntyre, spent the holiday in town. They returned to Fernie on Thursday.

Bert White had the misfortune to get his left hand badly cut on Wednesday evening. A bottle of ginger beer exploded in his hand. The wound required several stitches.

D. J. Hill, of the Coleman Hardware Co., is in Calgary attending the institution of the Grand Lodge of Alberta, Knights of Pythias.

Mrs. Jobbitt, teacher in the public school, left on Saturday night for her home in Lindsay, Ontario. Mrs. Jobbitt's father may accompany her back to Coleman after the holidays.

J. F. Povah, treasurer of the International Coal & Coke Co., returned home on Thursday from Spokane, where he has been spending the past three weeks recuperating his health.

G. P. Porter, former manager for P. Burns & Co., came up to Coleman on Saturday and assisted in the Odd Fellows' decoration services. Mr. Porter says he is pleased with his new home and business.

The Rev. Canon Webb of Calgary, conducted the service in St. Alban's church last Sunday. Canon Webb is a pleasing and convincing speaker and his many friends in Coleman were pleased to see him.

W. J. Powell, mine manager of the International Coal & Coke Co., is attending the Dominion fair at Calgary. Mr. Powell will also attend the organization of the Grand Lodge of Alberta, Knights of Pythias.

Alex. Beck of Taber, an old timer, well and favorably known in Coleman, spent Thursday in town. Mr. Beck says the coal mining business at Taber is improving. This will be good news to the business men and farmers in progressive Taber.

For the Dominion Exhibition, Calgary, June 29th to July 9th, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company announce a rate of $4.80 from Coleman to Calgary and return. Tickets on sale June 26th to July 7th, inclusive. Final return limit July 13th.

W. S. Bosworth, purchasing agent for the International Coal & Coke Co., returned to town on Wednesday morning after spending two weeks in Montreal and other places of interest. Mr. Bosworth was on the train when the little girl Olive Dupraw was lost between Kenora and Fort William.

Martin Gordon met with a bad accident on Saturday. He was driving a team hauling a load of baled hay, when one of the bales fell off on to the horses heels making them bolt. The wagon passed over Mr. Gordon cutting a gash in his head, scratching his face and spraining his arm. The horses were caught before any further damage was done.

Coleman's enterprising blacksmith, Eli Spry, was married to Miss Annie Winder of Toronto, on Saturday, June 27th, at Blairmore. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Sergeant. Mr. Spry came to Coleman about two months ago and took over the blacksmith business here. The "Miner" joins in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Spry a happy and prosperous journey through life.

A. C. Fraser, brother of George L. Fraser, general superintendent of the International Coal & Coke Co., is visiting his brother in Coleman. Mr. Fraser is book keeper for the Sidney, Nova Scotia Mines Company at Sidney, Nova Scotia. This is Mr. Fraser's first visit to the Canadian west, and Coleman is his first stopping place. This is the first time in thirteen years that the two brothers have met and the re-union was to say the least, a pleasant one. It is the intention of Mr. Fraser to visit Vancouver, Victoria, Nelson and all the places of interest in the west before returning to the east. He will spend three months looking over the Canadian west.

COLEMAN'S BIG DAY

Fine Day, Fair Crowd, Good Sports, Enjoyable Ball. Every Thing Passed Off Well.

Wednesday, the 1st of July, was a bright and lovely day, just what was wanted for the Dominion day celebration. The crowd was not as large as was expected, owing to there being other big demonstrations at Crow's Nest, Fernie and other towns closely situated. The Foot Ball Club, under whose auspices the celebration was gotten up, deserves nothing but the highest praise for the manner in which the whole day's proceedings were carried out. Special mention should be made of Messrs. A. M. Morrison and Wm. Chalmers, who worked unceasingly during the day. All the other member of the Club also worked with will and energy in getting the grounds in shape and otherwise assisting in putting up the fence, and numbers of other jobs too numerous to mention. The boys take this opportunity to thank the coal company for loaning them the brattish cloth for the fence.

The sports started within a few minutes of the advertised time, which is unusual in such cases. The list of sports was lengthy and lasted all day, the last one being completed before dark. The only accident occurring to mar the day's proceedings was the unfortunate affair of D.C. Greaves. When the obstacle race was in progress while he was going through a barrel his left hand was terribly lacerated by a nail. He was taken to the surgery and had six stitches put into his hand. If it had not been for the prompt action of A. E. Knowles, Mr. Greaves might have bled to death. The blood came out of his hand in a stream, two arteries being torn and one of the cords of the palm. Orders were given to have the nails taken out of the barrels, but they were not all taken out, hence the accident. The management who gave the orders to have the nails removed deeply regret the accident to Mr. Greaves.

The sports were much enjoyed by all, as everything passed off to the satisfaction of everyone. The prize winners were:

Boys' race, 1st, Edwin Neil.
Boys' race, 2nd, Jesse Wilson.
Little boys' race, 1st, Wm. Gate.
Little boys' race, 2nd, Geo. Johnston.
Girls' race, 1st, Janet Steve.
Girls' race, 2nd, E. Ogden.
Little girls' race, 1st, L. Brennen.
Little girls' race, 2nd, Mabel Lefley.
Miners' 100 yards race, 1st, And. Leamont.
Miners' 100 yards race, 2nd, Darcy Greaves.
Obstacle race, 1st, A. Leamont.
Obstacle race, 2nd, A. E. Williams.
One-half mile race, 1st, Albert Jansen.
One-half mile race, 2nd, And. Leamont.
Fat man's race, D. Fraser.
Married ladies' race, 1st, Mrs. James.
Married ladies' race, 2nd, Mrs. Grafton.
Long Jump, A. E. Williams, 18 feet 9 inches.
Greasy pig, Dan Lewis.
Three legged race, 1st, A. Greasack.
Three legged race, R. Dunlop.
Throwing 16-pound shot, J. McDonald, Frank.
Foot ball tournament, Coleman No. 1 team.
Tug of war, No. 4 team.
Hop, step and jump, John McDonald.

The base ball afforded a lot of interest. Pincher Creek sent a good team up, and they played with Coleman team, the home team, though not having played much this season, came out victorious. The Bellevue team then played Coleman, with the result that they were beaten by Coleman. The prize in this event was $50, which was taken by Coleman team.

The prize of $120 and $50 for first and second place in the foot ball tournament was won by the Coleman Foot Ball Club. No outside team competed in this event, so a scrub team was organized, and the game was very interesting. The score was 2 to 1. Johnstone was very shaky in goal. Kelly and Rutherford played their usual effective game. Fraser, Hunter and Smith also played well for the winners, Hunter at times tricking the opposition to some effect. Of the forwards of the Coleman first team, Griesack was the best. With some watching this lad will be one of the best forwards in the Crow's Nest Pass. Scott was not in his usual deadly shooting form, some of his shoots being very wide of the mark. Shone being slow at times at kicking passes given to him. Crookston did not get much work in the first part of the game, for the "Scrubs" all played well considering some of them have had no training this season. Reid, for the "Scrubs" kept a very good goal. More will be heard of this goal keeper.

The names and positions of the Coleman base ball men are: A. McInnis, catcher; R. Hogan, pitcher; Geo. Ingham, 1st base; T. Bufkin, 2nd base; D. Lewis, 3rd base; D. Clarke, short stop; W. H. Kelly, center field; L. Malhiot, left field; J. McIntyre, right field; M. B. Stitt, umpire.

The names of the Pincher Creek men were: J. A. Alexander, H. G. McKinnon, K P. Stewart, D. A. McKenicha, E. P. Tucker, E. R. Olmstead, H. W. McCaukey, D. McDonald, H. Olin, A. Mayne.

M. B. Stitt was a good referee, and with the exception of a few little disagreements, all seemed pleased with his work.

The starter of the small sports was J. McMillan, and he looked rather dangerous with the pistol, nevertheless, he was not as dangerous as he looked, and all expressed themselves as pleased with his fairness.

The Coleman brass band contributed some splendid selections towards the day's amusement, which enlivened the proceedings to a great extent. The boys did well, and Coleman can now boast of a fire-tclass band.

The committee had some difficulty in keeping the crowds back off the field when the plays were in progress, but this is always a difficult matter, and the people were kept back well. It would be much better, however, if the people for their own good, would give the committee less bother.

The sports on the whole passed off well and without a hitch, which shows that the men who took hold of the affair know their business, and are good sports.

As a result of the celebration A. M. Morrison deposited in the bank this morning $234, and all bills will be paid.

A pleasing feature of the day was the ball in the evening in the Miners' new Hall and Opera House. The fine, large hall was well filled with all the youth and beauty of Coleman, Blairmore, Frank, Bellevue, Lille and other towns along the pass. The committee in charge were: J. Stafford, T. Gordon, floor managers; reception committee: J. Larrigan, B. Jones, T. Leyshon. Wm. Graham, secretary, and the other members of the committee deserve great credit for the successful manner in which the ball was held. The music was excellent and sounded splendid in the new hall. The gentlemen supplying the same were: Prof. H. White and R. Richardson, piano, and Prof. J. McMillan, violin. The hardwood floor was a luxury to dancers in the Crow's Nest Pass, and they all appreciated it. D. G. Stauffer, the electrician, installed twenty 16-candle power lights, which lit up the hall beautifully. These lights will be replaced by chandeliers when they arrive. The ball was a grand success and everyone enjoyed it to the fullest. It was not till 2.30 in the morning that the "Home, Sweet Home" waltz was played, which ended a most successful Dominion day celebration in Coleman.

INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH—Pastor, Rev. T. M. Murray. Services: Sabbath 11 a.m. 7.30 p.m. Sabbath school and Bible class, 2.30. Christian Endeavor, Wednesday 8 p.m.

W. T. Smart was before magistrate W. J. Sanvidge on Thursday evening charged with being drunk and disorderly and using insulting language in a public place. Mr. Smart pleaded guilty, and was fined $5 and costs, $7.50 in all.

Mutts & McNeill are now proprietors of the Coleman Hotel, Mr. A. McNeill being the manager. Mr. McNeill is a well and favorably known hotel man all through British Columbia, and travellers will be pleased to hear that he is established in Coleman. The Coleman hotel will receive some necessary improvements, and have a hot water heating system also installed before the cold weather comes.

A disastrous fire occurred about one mile and a half from town on Thursday morning about 2.30 o'clock. It was noticed by the people as they were returning home from the ball. The chicken house and hennery belonging to Thomas and Harry Smith, together with about 400 young chickens were burned. It is thought the fire caught from the lamp used to keep the incubator warm. It is a big loss to the boys. The loss is estimated to be fully $1,000. No insurance.

DEATH OF MRS. A. MACNAC

Troubles never come singly. Last week Andrew Macnac buried his 4-year-old son. On Wednesday morning he buried his wife, aged 28 years. Mrs. Macnac has been near death's door for a long time, and her death was hourly expected. She was a sufferer from that dread disease consumption, and was unable to help herself for some time. It seemed a happy relief when the poor woman passed to the great beyond. This is the third member of his family Andrew Macnac has put under the sod within six weeks. On Monday his wife passed away and now Andrew is left alone in the world.

I.O.O.F. DECORATION DAY

Last Sunday was decoration day with Coleman Lodge No. 36, I.O.O.F. Odd Fellows to the number of about eighty marched in full regalia from the lodge room to the cemetery. The Coleman brass band led the procession. Bro. R. Laird acted as marshall, and under his direction the members presented a very fine appearance. The brethren formed around the grave of their departed brother E. Larson. The band played "Nearer My God To Thee," after which the chaplain, Bro. E. Holmes, recited a prayer from the decoration service. Then that soul-inspiring hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung by the members. Two beautiful wreaths, "The Three Links," were put upon the grave, together with several other wreaths, and each brother deposited a bouquet on the grave. Noble Grand, D. G. Stafford, then recited the beautiful charge of the service. The service was very impressive and listened to by a large number of strangers. Bro. G. P. Porter, of Grassy Lake, late Noble Grand of Coleman Lodge, took part in the service.

On Thin Ice.

By JAMES NORTON.

When the letter from Aunt Salina was received announcing that she would arrive on a visit the next week, mother and daughter looked at each other for a long minute, then the former said:

"We must keep it from her."

"Yes."

"If we don't she will certainly talk right up to the deacon and make things worse than ever. Your Aunt Salina is not afraid of any living man. You just act as natural as you can, and don't let her catch on to a thing."

And yet five or six days later, when the guest in question arrived, she had not been in the house half an hour before she set her jaw and said to Mrs. Thompson, her widowed sister:

"Now, Ruth, while Mary is upstairs I want to hear all about it. There's some skulduddery been going on here, and I want to get at the root of it. It's no use to put on that innocent look, for I'm a woman that can't be deceived."

Then the widow had to fix it up. Her daughter Mary, now twenty years old, had been "keeping company" with Deacon Bromley's son James, and the marriage day had once been set. Deacon Bromley had then favored the match. The widow had a fine farm adjoining his, and if she took forty acres off of hers and he forty off of his the young folks would have a good start in life. She as well as he could also contribute considerable cash toward building the new house and barn. Yes, it would be a good match all around, and everything was going swimmingly when the deacon took in a summer boarder.

He was what might be called a half cash boarder—that is, for two weeks he paid half the price of board and lodging in cash and the other in information which changed the deacon's nature all over. The boarder had made a study of family trees, so he asserted, and after scratching his head and consulting the signs in the family almanac for a fortnight he announced that the Bromleys were direct descendants of Lord Bromley of England, while Lord Bromley himself was a grand-nephew of William the Conqueror.

The deacon had always been rather a stiff necked man toward the community, and this information added to his pride. He did not question the stranger's information, and after a time it began to get in its work. He wasn't rich, but he had the blue blood in him, and that was even better. In four weeks he was walking as if he had a poker down his back, and at the end of four more he said to his son:

"James, there is nothing that hurts a family more than a misalliance. What is the world going to say when it hears that a Bromley has married a Thompson?"

"Are you talking about Mary Thompson, father?" asked James.

"I am. I am seeing things a great deal different from what I did a few weeks ago. Where did the Thompsons spring from? Who are they? Was the first Thompson a lord or duke or only a cooper?"

"But, you know, I'm engaged to Mary Thompson, and you know that the family is respectable. No one can say that there has been anything against them, from grandfather down."

"Um, um! None of them has been in jail that I know of, but I ask again, 'Who are the Thompsons?' We know who the Bromleys sprang from, and I cannot consent to any plebeian alliance. Until I know who the first Thompson was I shall feel justified in opposing this match. It will be no use whatever to argue the matter with me. I am determined to preserve the purity of our blood as it has come down to us."

James did not cease to call at the widow's, but it was not long before she realized that he had something on his mind, and he was finally prevailed upon to state it. He held in direct opposition to his father, but that did not satisfy the insulted mother or the high spirited daughter. Strained relations followed. Such was the situation when Aunt Salina arrived. She listened to the story with a grim look on her face, and when it was finished she said:

"Ruth, you were never any good at handling cases like this, and you must leave things to me. I know all about the Thompsons and the Bromleys, too, and I've heard a thing or two about William the Conqueror since I went to Michigan to live. You just keep out of the fuss and let me settle it my own way."

"But you won't go to the deacon and call him an old idiot?" protested the widow.

"I can't tell what I'll do. Providence generally takes a hand in cases like this, and I shall depend a good deal on Providence. We won't say a word to Mary about it."

Providence didn't wait long before taking a hand. December had come. Instead of being married on Christmas day, as the young couple had hoped for, they were as good as estranged.

Between the house and the barn was a goose pond of a considerable depth, and, though this had been frozen over solid for two or three weeks, a recent south wind had gone far to weaken the ice, and the hired man had skirted the pond in going to and fro.

On the forenoon of the very next day after the story had been told Deacon Bromley came walking toward the widow's house. He was taking a short cut across the fields, and when he reached the pond he stepped boldly on the ice. It began to crack, and, though a direct descendant of Lord Bromley and through him of William the Conqueror, the deacon didn't consider it derogatory to his dignity to make a rush for the head of a barrel appearing above the ice. He dared not go back and he dared not go forward, and he shouted for some one to come and shove a plank out on the ice to save his blue blood from being chilled.

"My soul, but there's Deacon Bromley standing on that barrel in the middle of the goose pond!" exclaimed the widow as she heard the shouts and looked out of the window."

"It's Providence," answered Aunt Salina, "and now you keep hands off. Providence and I are going to run this show. Get my hood and shawl and mittens, for the conversation may last some time."

Five minutes later she stood on the bank of the pond, sizing the deacon up, and after a bit she said:

"I am Mary's Aunt Salina from Michigan and here on a visit. Did you want to see any one in particular?"

"Why—why, as I was just going by, you know, I thought I would stop and ask for any letters James might have written."

"And did James know you were going to ask?"

"N-o, I can't say that he did. I see a twelve foot board there by the wood shed. May I ask you to kindly bring it here and shove it out on the ice?"

"What! What!" exclaimed Aunt Salina as she glared at him. "Sir, I want you to know that I was a Thompson before I married!"

"Yes?"

"And how dare you, sir—how dare a Bromley ask a Thompson to drag boards around? It's an insult, sir—an insult to our blood!"

"I didn't mean it so. I didn't know—I never heard that the Thompsons had—had"—

"Had any blood at all, you mean, sir! Another insult! Who do you think you are, sir?"

"You may have heard of Lord Bromley of England?" queried the deacon, trying to look dignified, but making a failure of it, as any man must have done, perched in the center of a goose pond.

"Yes, sir, I have and with good reason. He stole a horse from a Thompson and was hanged for it!"

"You—you don't say!"

"In the next generation two Bromleys were branded on the palms of their hands for cattle stealing. In the third one of them went to prison for arson. He sought to burn down the castle of a Thompson."

"Can it be possible?"

"And in the fourth, fifth and sixth generations the Thompsons got together all their retainers and drove all the Bromleys out of the country, and the king rewarded them for it. Is it possible that you never heard that Lord Grassy was a Thompson? Doesn't history tell you that the Duke of York was a Thompson? Why, man, there isn't a noble in England today that wasn't a Thompson first. He had to be."

"I—I have been told that I descended from William the Conqueror," faltered the deacon, as he felt that he had lost his case.

"But who was William the Conqueror? When he landed in England it was the Thompsons that lent him money and paid his house rent until he could strike a job. Deacon Bromley, do you want that board to get ashore on?"

"If you please."

"And is it to save an idiot or a sensible man?"

"Um! I think I would like to talk with the widow a little while. I didn't know, you know"—

"No," replied Aunt Selina as she went after the board, "but you do now. It's Thompson. It's Thompson with a 'p.' It's the Thompson family, descended directly from Adam and Eve, that have been making and dumaking kings and emperors and dividing up the earth for the last 6,000 years and are not through yet. There's the plank, and now you come in and have a talk and get over your foolishness."

The marriage took place a month later, and Deacon Bromley hasn't had a chance yet to thrash the genealogist who paid half cash for his board.

Bathing an Elephant.

If there is one thing which an elephant enjoys above all things else, it is his bath. In India elephants are used to draw the great guns of the heavy batteries. They take their baths in the barracks at the troughs where they drink, and they behave much better about it than many children. They have to lie down and be patient while they are washed by their attendants. They turn themselves about very promptly to suit their convenience. The attendant rubs the hide with a piece of stone instead of a sponge, and if the stone slips out of his hand the elephant politely picks it up with his trunk and hands it back. After they have been well scrubbed the elephants give themselves a shower bath, using their trunks to dash the water upon themselves, and they can hit any part of their bodies with ease.—London Mail.

Clever Birds.

A gentleman tells the following in regard to the cleverness of two goldfinches upon which he kept a close watch while they were building a nest on a small branch of a tree. When the nest was finished he noticed that the weight of the birds and the eggs was too great for the strength of the supporting branch. The goldfinches also perceived that the nest would fall unless something was done, and, after a great deal of bird talk, they flew away and came back with a stout string. Then they cleverly fastened the bending twig to a stronger and higher branch of the tree, and thus preserved their nest and its contents from destruction.—London Standard.

APPEAL TO THE KING.

Judges Consider Petition to His Majesty From Ceylon.

A remarkable appeal to the King from a sentence of death, subsequently commuted to twenty years' imprisonment, coming from Ceylon, was recently considered by a judicial committee in London.

The judges taking part were the Lord Chancellor, and Lords Ashbourne, Macnaghten, Robertson, Atkinson, and Collins.

The petitioners were two Cingalese ladies—sisters—named Loku Nona and Punchi Nona, and their servant, Waitan, a boy, aged 14, whose alleged offence was the murder of a maid, named Carlina, at Talahena, Ceylon, in July last.

The trial of the accused took place at Colombo in November last and lasted eleven days—a jury of seven—by a majority of six to one—convicted all three defendants.

Mr. Justice Renton, at the request of the prisoners' counsel, stated a case for the consideration of the Supreme Court, who upheld the conviction and sentences.

His Majesty was now asked to grant special leave of appeal on the grounds that the injuries alleged to have been inflicted by the accused were not proved to have caused the death; that the judge, in his charge to the jury, erred in law and made statements not warranted by the evidence, and that there was no legal evidence to warrant the conviction.

The story for the prosecution was that on the night of July 31, at about ten, Loku Nona, with a club handed to her by Peregrino (a manservant), struck Carlina, a girl of about 18, on the head; that Carlina fell crying "Amma" (mother), that Punchi Nona put her hand over Carlina's mouth to stop further cries; and that Loku Nona then told Jane — a servant girl about 14—to fetch a knife.

Jane then brought a knife from the kitchen, and gave it Loku Nona, who handed it to Punchi Nona, saying, "Cut her throat"; that while Waitan held his hand over Carlina's mouth Punchi Nona inflicted a cut with the knife upon Carlina's throat; that Carlina then lay still, apparently dead, and that shortly afterwards Carlina's body was carried away towards the shore, to be thrown into the sea.

According to the medical evidence the cut on the throat was not fatal, and the cause of death was concussion of the brain, produced by some blunt instrument like a club. Four distinct contusions were found by the doctor who made the post-mortem examination.

Sir R. Finlay, in laying the petition before the court, said the only witness who deposed to having seen the alleged murder was the servant girl Jane—a child of fourteen—whose evidence was open to suspicion, because, if true, she was an accomplice; her testimony was not corroborated, and it was contradictory and rebutted by other evidence. The girl had given two contradictory versions of what she represented to have happened, and in neither was she confirmed by a single witness. What was the alleged motive for this brutal murder—if murder it was?

The accused, Punchi Nona, aged 23, was said to have been seen by Jane and Carlina behaving improperly. Because Carlina had talked freely about the matter, the suggestion was that Punchi Nona and her sister determined to murder her. All these statements were falsified by medical testimony.

The Lord Chancellor, at the close of the argument, announced that the committee would advise His Majesty to give special leave to appeal, and their lordships would be prepared to hear the appeal as soon as it was ready.

Any application to mitigate the rigor of the punishment or to admit the accused to bail, pending the hearing, must be addressed to the authorities in Ceylon.

A Hero's Return.

Memories of stirring scenes are recalled by Mr. John Green, who has been for many years stationmaster at the Victoria station of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, and altogether served the company for 44 years. Mr. Green has recently retired.

Naturally enough, seeing how often royalty use Victoria when traveling to the continent, Mr. Green has seen a good deal of the reigning family, and quite recently he was introduced to both the King and the Prince of Wales.

Of all the exciting scenes that Mr. Green has witnessed, he gives the palm to that which occurred when Lord Kitchener (then Sir Herbert) returned triumphant from Omdurman. "When the train steamed into Victoria station," says the veteran, "the enthusiastic throng broke through the barriers which had been provided by the station staff, and police and soldiers were swept off their feet. Lord Kitchener was literally carried away by the crowd, and it was only by an almost superhuman effort that several policemen helped him to reach another exit, where he escaped in a hansom."

Human Heads as Garden Border.

An acknowledgment was given recently by Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, of a resolution passed at a meeting at Hither Green calling for Government interference in connection with Belgian rule in the Congo Free State. The occasion was a lecture by Mrs. Christopher, who, with her husband, was a missionary many years in King Leopold's territory, and she told a very gruesome tale.

Mrs. Christopher said she had known whole districts denuded of native owing to the instructions of Belgian officers. One of these officers, who went out to punish the natives for failing to hand in sufficient rubber, returned with twenty-one heads of men and women, which he used afterwards to make a border for a flower-bed in his garden.

In Contests?

Of limerick writers the worst
Is he by the passion accursed
Who flings them and flirts them,
But always invents them,
And writes the last line of them first

BIRDS AS THEY SLEEP.

Quail Form a Dense Circle With All Heads Facing Out.

The nightcap preparations of the chubby little quail are very interesting. Each evening the covey forms in a new place, and this selection of the spot entails serious efforts. Bobwhite never quite loses remembrance of the many dangers which make his life in a wild state one great fear. A white throated male with soft clucks calls together a dozen of his comrades, and for a few minutes they all huddle together, but soon from the farther end of the aviary a clear "Whew-bobwhite!" rings out, and off scurry the whole band, this time perhaps to settle for the night in the new place—a dense circle of little forms, heads all facing out, just as in their native stubble they rest facing in every direction, so that at the first hint of danger from any point of the compass the covey may explode and go booming off in safety. Poor little fellows, their wild life is strenuous indeed! Well for their race that every nest holds from ten to eighteen eggs instead of three or four!

The woodpeckers sleep resting upon their tails, even the flickers invariably following this custom, although during the day the flickers spend much of their time perching in passerine manner, crosswise upon a twig. Small birds, such as thrushes and warblers, sleep usually upon some small twig, with heads tucked behind wings in orthodox bird fashion, but they occasionally vary this in a remarkable way by clinging all night to the vertical wires of their cages, sleeping apparently as soundly in this as in the usual position of rest. A bluebird in a small cage slept thus about one or two nights out of each week. Any explanation of this voluntary and widespread habit among perching birds would be difficult to suggest.

The little hanging parrakeets derive their name from their custom of sleeping always in a reversed position, and when distributed over their roosting tree they resemble some strange, pendant, green fruit rather than sleeping birds.—Outing Magazine.

THE BLUE JAY.

Why Should He Be Selected as Sand Bearer to Satan?

It is said and believed by many that all the blue jays disappear every Friday, and not one can be seen until the next day, and this disappearance is accounted for by the statement that the birds are under a compact with Satan and that they devote each Friday to delivering him a supply of sand to heat his caldron at the point of torture.

But why should the blue jay be selected as sand bearer to Satan when there are so many birds of stronger and fleeter wing? There are many superstitions that have a reasoning basis, but this particular one has nothing whatever to go on.

The origin of it lies in the fact that the blue jay is a most particular home builder. He knows how to build his house, and he takes a great pride in it. He doesn't hang his nest to a limb nor glue it to a tree.

Instead he selects a substantial fork or crotch of a limb, lays down a few twigs of goodly size and strength, and on these he superimposes a strong foundation of clay, with layers of papers between, and when his nest is finished it is as substantial in proportion as one of our modern steel structures.

Thus fitted and finished, it is admirably adapted to the rearing of a strong and healthy brood, and the blue jay goes about his business with the earnest energy that characterizes all his movements.

He raises his young and leads them about from tree to tree and from bush to bush until they have tried and found their wings, and then, his responsibilities being over, he proceeds with his career of gayety, a veritable practitioner of rough fun and stage humor.

Pounds and Weights.

Here is a question that will tax the arithmetical powers of a youth. Suppose that for some reason or another a shopkeeper who sold goods by pounds and half pounds, but never in quantities exceeding twenty pounds at a time, was told that he must transact all his business with four weights only, what must these four weights be? The answer is half pound, one and a half pound, four and a half pound and thirteen and a half pound. With these it will be readily seen that any weight from half a pound to twenty pounds may be determined in pounds and half pounds.—Gateway Magazine.

Pleasant Anticipation.

The Rev. Dr. C. M. Lamson, once president of the American board of foreign missions, was called as a pastor over a parish and was undergoing examination before a council when the question was asked him, "Do you believe in a hell?"

The retiring clergyman of the parish sat beside him and, giving him a nudge, said: "Tell them yes. If you don't now you will before you have been here six months."—Argonaut.

Just the Other Way.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check. Visitor (despairingly)—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.

Carries Weight.

"Pa," said Freddy, "what is a social scale?"

"Generally speaking," replied pa, "it's a place where they weigh money."

Advising is easier than helping.—Rochefoucauld.

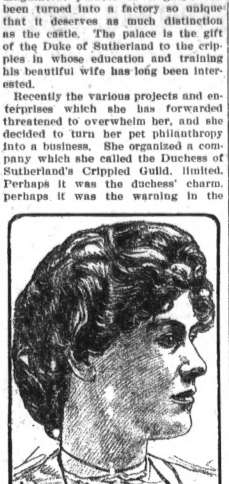
Woman's World

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Whose Husband Has Given Her a Palace For the Housing of Cripples.

One of the most beautiful and most magnificent palaces in England has been turned into a factory, so unique that it deserves as much distinction as the castle. The palace is the gift of the Duke of Sutherland to the cripples in whose education and training his beautiful wife has long been interested.

Recently the various projects and enterprises which she has forwarded threatened to overwhelm her, and she decided to turn her pet philanthropy into a business. She organized a company which she called the Duchess of Sutherland's Crippled Guild, limited. Perhaps it was the duchess' charm, perhaps it was the warning in the



DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

word "limited," but the capital for the new company was all subscribed within a few minutes. Then the duke offered Trentham Hall to be used as a factory and school. For generations Trentham Hall has been one of the show places in England.

The palace is now in a state of preparation. When it is complete, about 300 workers in pottery, leather and wood will be employed there.

The duchess is enthusiastic over her new position—that of the first feminine head of a public business in England. Although it means a lot of work, she will herself attend to the duties of her office.—Delineator.

When to Call on Brides.

There need never be any doubt about answering a wedding invitation and the mode of procedure later, for unless it is requested that an answer be sent at once no acknowledgment of the cards is necessary until the day set for the wedding. Then, whether the ceremony be in the morning, afternoon or evening, a woman attending it wears her prettiest gown—high neck for the day, of course, and decollete for evening. What a man wears is governed accordingly.

If one has been bidden to a reception at the house after the marriage, it is customary if this is in the daytime to leave a visiting card, as at any tea. None is left for the bride and bridegroom. To be exact in this particular, a married woman going to the reception would leave one of her cards and two of her husband's if the invitations were sent out in the names of the bride's parents. If for any reason the invitations are issued by one person only, as in the case of one parent being dead or a guardian being the person who sends them, only one card of the married woman and one of her husband's would be left.

For an evening reception no cards are required.

If for any reason it is impossible to attend the ceremony or reception to which one has been invited, visiting cards, following the rule given, should be sent on the day of the wedding, they being addressed to the person or persons sending the invitations.

Whether present or absent from the marriage or reception a call within two weeks after the wedding is imperative. During this visit cards are left as at a reception.

An unmarried woman does not leave a card for the father of the bride unless he alone gave the invitation. Good form now demands that such an invitation from a man requires a visiting card afterward from all whom he honored, and an unmarried woman would post hers or send it to the house by a servant during the regular calling hours. A married woman would leave hers and her husband's in the same way.

If the card that comes in the wedding invitation bears simply her new name and that of her husband, with the address of their new home, this means that she will be at home any afternoon informally. If she has "days" they are the same as a "tea," except for the fact that the bride is expected to return these calls. Any one going to her days or sending cards makes a formal call or shows a desire to do so, and it is for her to respond.

Kerosene Light Best For Eyes.

Human thought moves in cycles, but who would ever imagine that modern human invention could be discounted in this twentieth century and invidiously compared with the old fashioned custom of a hundred and fifty years ago? This was the practical result of a discussion at the meeting of the illuminating engineering society held in the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, last month. Oculists whom the society had invited to be present declared unanimously that the methods of illumination employed today were inferior to those employed by our great-great-grandparents, in so far as their effect on the eyes is concerned. In a review of the matter Dr. H. H. Seabrook of New York wrote: "Our country leads the world apparently in the brilliancy of its artificial illumination and certainly leads the world in ocular exhaustion, discomfort and congestion. Both here and abroad oculists agree that the kerosene burner is the least harmful artificial illuminant. The incandescent lamp has given rise to more chronic eye degeneration and disturbance than any other light used for near work."

In explanation of the action of the incandescent lamp on the eye Dr. George F. Suker stated: "The intense light of the filament acting on the retina sets up a low grade of inflammation, which, though it comes on slowly and may never be severe, still defies all efforts to cure it. We have so much light that overexhaustion results and the eye cannot recuperate."

Physical Culture Exercise.

To derive benefit from physical culture is one of the most difficult things to accomplish. Such a statement sounds discouraging, but the fault is really with women themselves, both the business women and women of leisure. The former are hard pressed for time—they who most sorely need the good of exercise—and the latter are—well, one might unkindly call it lazy. There is not the slightest doubt that untold benefit—in fact, the salvation of a woman's health—lies in physical exercise. But it is a long, tedious undertaking and requires no little strength of will to carry it out successfully. However, the woman who persists faithfully is the one who reaps rich rewards. After all, when you think of it seriously, fifteen to thirty minutes in the morning and evening is not a great deal of time taken from one's busy day. If more women would try the exhilarating, strengthening process of some exercise in their rooms, with windows wide open, there would be far less evil from confinement of business and home duties.

A Good Developer.

An exercise which should be practiced by growing children for developing a slender waist and a tall, erect figure is as follows:

Let one person hold a large ring upright as high as the child can comfortably reach. In raising the arms to touch the ring deep breathing is necessitated, which will expand the chest, and the lifting attitude of the arms will exercise the muscles of the sides, shoulders and waist besides stretching the body to its full limit.

The raising of the arms should be done slowly and the ring lifted a trifle higher at intervals until it becomes necessary for the child to stand on tiptoe to reach, thus exercising the muscles of the legs, developing the knee and ankle joints.

Latest Beauty Food.

According to the dictum of English diet specialists, a free use of currants in daily food is one of the most effective means of producing a clear, rosy complexion. Currants seem also to satisfy the craving both for strong acids and sweets, which are responsible for many muddy or coarse complexions. Besides possessing the incidental advantage of a beauty food, currants are known to be the most nutritious of all fruits, as they consist almost wholly of grape sugar in the form that is entirely assimilated during digestion. As a consequence of a wide dissemination of these facts through physicians and specialists the use of currant bread in England has become almost as common as that of ordinary wheat bread.

Corn Cake.

A southern corn cake recipe is a valuable addition to one's scrap book. Mix and sift three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal, one and one-fourth cupful of pastry flour, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and five level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add one cupful of milk, one egg, well beaten, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Beat thoroughly, turn into a shallow buttered pan and bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Cut in squares and arrange on a bread plate. If a richer corn cake is liked, two teaspoonfuls of butter may be used.

When being laid away, all white silk gloves should be wrapped in blue paper, then brown, and pinned closely together at the edges, and all delicately tinted gloves of any material should be placed in brown paper, as the chloride of lime in white paper will discolor them.

There are nervous women; there are hypernervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that!—Filegende Blatter.

Should the small child object to having his ears washed use a shaving brush in place of a brush, and the operation will be completed with satisfaction and ease on both sides.—Good Housekeeping.

To remove ink stains wet the spots with milk and rub in as much starch as it will hold. Leave for a week and then brush out the starch. The stains will be found to have vanished.

Water is a nerve food. It has a distinctly soothing effect when sipped gradually, as one can test for oneself.

Father's Dodge.

A father was lecturing his young hopeful upon the evils of staying out late at night and getting up late in the morning. "You will never amount to anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember that the early bird catches the worm." "How about the worm, father?" inquired the young man. "Wasn't he rather foolish to get up so early?" "My son," said the father, solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night; he was on his way home."

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

Rural Landlady—If any of your friends in the city are loking for a nice place I hope you'll recommend me!

Departing Guest—I don't know about friends, but I have a few enemies!—Comic Cuts.

"I tried to pay the suffragettes a compliment last night in my speech, but it didn't seem to be appreciated." "What did you say?"

"I said that the suffragettes would leave large footprints on the sands of time."—Tit-Bits.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the man who resents all superstition.

"No, sah," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "An' all I's hopin' is dat dem ghos'es will lemme stay dat way 'atid o' comin' roun' tryin' to convince me."—Washington Star.

"Can you be trusted with a secret?" he asked.

The woman drew herself up proudly.

"You have known me for ten years haven't you?" she replied.

"Yes."

"Do you know how old I am?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

FLOATING COFFINS.

Strange State of Things In London Parish Church.

A most gruesome state of affairs prevails at the parish church of Edgware. The sacred edifice has been for some time waterlogged, and the extraordinary spectacle has been seen of coffins floating in several feet of water in the vaults beneath the chancel. It was through an oversight in regard to the drainage from the roof 30 or 40 years ago that the ground beneath the church floor became saturated, filling the vaults with water, in which eighteenth century coffins and human remains drifted about. When this was discovered the church was closed by order of the Rural District Council as a menace to public health. An order in council directing the rector and churchwardens to remedy this state of things was obtained, and the contractors have just begun their work. The builders' preliminary work disclosed an even more dreadful condition of things beneath the church than anyone expected. For centuries the rectors and some of the more influential parishioners were buried beneath the floor of the church—some in vaults, other in ordinary graves. The result was that the church floor covered a small but crowded burial-ground. "We found some of the coffins," declared the rector, "lying in soft, saturated earth, not more than two or three feet beneath the church floor. The water had gradually disintegrated the coffins, and when we had the slabs lifted we found fragments of coffin, human bones, and black, slimy mud. When they were moved from the place the smell was intolerable." Most of these coffins belonged to the middle of the eighteenth century, but the dates range over a wide period. Heppily none of them was of recent date, for it is quite 50 or 60 years since the last interment took place. "In one spot beneath the communion rails," said the rector, "we find that the church floor consisted of barely half an inch of cement, which formed the roof to a large vault in which a coffin floated in a pool of black, slimy water and refuse." Realizing the importance of minimizing all risk to the health of the people of Edgware, the contractors are working strenuously at their unpleasant task. The coffins and remains are being reverently removed and re-interred in one large grave in the churchyard. The removal of the coffins and debris, however, will not be the end of the trouble. "There is so much more to be done," said the rector, "and so little money with which to do it." The restoration of the church to a proper condition will cost not less than $10,000.

ADRIFT IN A BOAT.

British Commander's Experience In Tropical Seas.

Commander Maclachlan, of H.M.S. Scylla, recently had a very narrow escape from death.

Details, which have only just arrived by the homeward mail, show that while the Scylla was in the bay of St. George's, Grenada, West Indies, Commander Maclachlan thought he would like a little fishing. So he set off by himself in a dinghy. Soon after he had left his vessel a gale sprang up and for two days he was face to face with death.

The force of wind and wave broke the keel off his boat, and she was continually capsizing. As the sea is infested with sharks he was in imminent danger every time until he had righted his boat. Once, indeed, a young shark got into the dinghy, but was promptly kicked out. Then the sea birds began to attack the castaway, who had to tear a plank from the boat to beat them off.

Meanwhile news of the commander's absence from the Scylla had been conveyed to the shore, and craft of every description set out in search of him. When he was found he was in an exhausted condition, for in addition to his repeated duckings he had had to contend with the fierce heat of a tropical sun, and had nothing to eat or drink. His tongue and throat were so swollen that he could scarcely swallow.

There were great rejoicings in Grenada when the news of the rescue was made known. Church bells were rung, rockets fired, and a public thanksgiving service was held, at which the bishop officiated, and the governor and chief officials of the island attended.

Britain's "Six Hundred" Lords.

The British House of Commons cannot have more than 670 members, but the number entitled to seats and votes in the House of Lords varies as old peerages become extinct or new ones are created. The roll is increasing.

A generation ago the "roll of the Lords spiritual and temporal" bore 553 names, and that recently issued for the present session of Parliament gives the names of 615. Of these three are "peers of the blood royal," two are archbishops and 24 bishops, while more than one-half of the total, 333, are barons, the lowest rank in the peerage. Of dukes there are but 22 and of noble earls 124. Scotland is represented in the House of Lords by sixteen representative peers, who are elected for each Parliament. Ireland elects twenty-eight representative peers, who serve for life. One of the propositions for reform is that all the lords of the realm be elected on their merits as representative men.

New Bishop In Polynesia.

Rev. Thomas Clayton Twitchell, vicar of All Hallows, East India Docks, London, has been nominated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, acting in conjuction with the Bishop of London, to fill the post of missionary bishop in Polynesia. His work will consist in giving the ministrations of their church to all the members of the Anglican communion in those regions, and in missionary work among Indian coolies and imported laborers. The Bishop of London will transfer to the new bishop all his jurisdiction in Polynesia. It is arranged that Bishop Wills shall carry on as heretofore his work in Tonga. The latter place will be remembered as the scene of the labors of that saintly martyr, John Williams.

Maud—So Jack kissed you twice last night. Did you protest?

Ethel—Indeed, I did, at first. I turned on him and said, "Jack, how could you?"

Maud—And then?

Ethel—Well, then he showed me how he could.—Boston Transcript.

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates all the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

Servant—You'll have to call again.

Collector—That's what you said yesterday.

Servant—But Mr. Skinner is too ill to talk to you to-day.

Collector—You needn't worry about that. I'll do all the talking.—Philadelphia Press.

The best way to get money, as well as the surest, is to work for it.

Upton Sinclair, in an address before a body of Chicago Socialists, said of charity:

"The average charity, charity of the rich, seems rather futile to me. The rich oppress the poor enormously, then they help them slightly. It is like the young lady angler.

"'Why,' said a man to this young lady, 'do you always carry a bottle of liniment with you on your fishing excursions?'

"She sighed.

"'I am so sorry,' she said plaintively, 'for the poor little fish. And so when I take one off the hook I always rub its cut mouth with some liniment.'"

A SUSSEX ECCENTRIC.

Collector of Rats' Tails and Newspaper Cuttings

A romance of disappointed love underlies the death of Robert Tester, a Sussex eccentric.

The people of the countryside all knew Robert Tester, or "Old Bob" as man, woman and child called him, and on his little house centred much curiosity and gossip. He lived alone in one of two neat cottages that stand together at the southern end of the little hamlet of Fess Pottage. The other is occupied by his sister. The two cottages were their joint property, left by their parents, who at one time farmed in the district.

Formerly brother and sister lived together in one cottage, and let the other; but about eighteen months ago a coolness sprang up, and without any actual quarrel the old man went to live alone in the second cottage.

He was at one time a farm laborer, but had done no regular work for some years, though he occasionally lent a hand at haymaking and harvesting.

He regularly laid in supplies of bread, bacon, cheese, and other goods, and grew his own vegetables, and those who knew him best agree that he did not stint himself in food. He was a non-smoker, and the glass of beer he took on a visit to Hand Cross a couple of months ago was such an event that he spoke of it for days. His only regular beverage was the herbtea he made for himself.

The state of his cottage was sufficient indication of his eccentricity. Only one room was furnished, and that had only a chair, a bedstead, a large box with a padlocked chain round it, and a small strip of carpet. Save for the kitchen, where he cooked his own meals, the other rooms were littered with a curious collection, to which he was continually adding.

One of his hobbies was the extermination of rats, and hundreds of their tails, tied into bundles and labelled with the date of the slaughter, were found in one corner. Another heap consisted of twigs, gathered from the lanes, and also tied together and labelled. Newspaper cuttings also figured in his collection, each neatly marked with date and source of information. He kept records of big wills or money found in strange places.

It is said that a love disappointment in early life soured his mind, and led to his eccentricities, but even as a boy he loved to hoard money, and an old friend recalls that a penny given him to spend at a fair would never leave his pocket. Suffering from sciatica, he hobbled about on crutches, and although a quantity of good clothes were found in his box he always wore ragged ones. Visitors often took him for a tramp, and he never refused the coppers which they gave him.

"Old Bob" was a man of some education. He read the newspapers regularly, and was a daily Bible student; he took an interest in astronomy, and spent much time looking at the stars. Though he had strong likes and had not spoken to his brother for forty years he had generally a civil word for his neighbors, and was specially fond of the children. "Eccentric and independent, but good-natured," said a neighbor.

Mr. Morley's Integrity.

John Morley's decision to finish his career with his identity disguised under some new title as a member of the House of Lords, which he declared "years ago should be either 'mended or ended,'" is a grievous disillusionment to his friends. Let it is part of an act of self-sacrifice which redounds to Mr. Morley's honor and integrity.

Mr. Morley has a stepson named Ayling, whom he not only educated, but for whom he paid a large sum, which he could ill afford, to secure for him a partnership in a great publishing house in Edinburgh. Ayling became a speculator on the Stock Exchange. He lost heavily and signed Mr. Morley's name to bills to the extent of nearly $100,000. He was arrested; pleaded guilty; and was sentenced to seven months' penal servitude.

With no legal or even moral obligation upon him to do so, Mr. Morley has undertaken to repay the whole amount. In order to do this he not only had paid out all his savings, but has bound himself to pay annually a certain sum for a certain number of years.

It is because he believes his health cannot stand the strain of the work of the House of Commons long enough to enable him to pay this debt that he takes the course, highly repugnant to him, of going into the House of Lords in order that he may remain in the Cabinet and draw a Minister's salary of $25,000 a year.

The Original Brougham.

The original brougham, which was built in 1838 under the personal supervision of Lord Chancellor Brougham, is now to be seen in the machine and inventions division of the South Kensington museum. This small closed carriage, a cumbrous affair of the cloderous coach, but it has some relics of bygone days. It has the projecting case for holding swords which could thus be accessible to the inside occupant, a reminiscence of the days of highwaymen. It has also the inch thick guard board in the rear, reminding one of the days when "defective police control and other causes rendered 'poling' by the succeeding carriage a serious and imminent danger."

Never Went Fishing on Sunday.

Several stories are told about Lord Linlithgow, the first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, who has just died. In the colonies his lordship was a great success, and it is related of the earl that when paying his official visit to Gippsland he rode through the country attired in bush garb — colored shirt, breeches, top boots, and slouch hat. At Alberton he was received by the municipal fathers in shirt-sleeves, and they, thinking to do him honor, invited him to a boating and fishing picnic on the following Sunday. Lord Hopetoun, as he then was, replied that, as he never went fishing on Sunday, he was unable to accept.

An Optimist.

Some time ago there was a flood in Western Pennsylvania. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of the house, as it floated along, when a boat approached.

"Hello, John."

"Hello, Dave."

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin' anyhow."

Short—Yes, I believe some fortune-tellers are on the level. Not long ago one agreed to tell me something about my future for a dollar.

Long—Well?

Short—I gave her the money, and she told me the time would come when I would wish I had my dollar back.—Chicago News.

Racing in Ancient Rome.

Ancient Rome had its racing and its popular and well paid jockeys. Betting ran high, and the excitement of the people over the races and their favorite color frequently led to bloodshed. Caligula, he who made a consul of his horse—passed most of his time rioting with the charioteers. The circus was the place for the racing. The largest of them, the Circus Maximus, about 21,000 feet long, could accommodate 480,000 spectators. Seven times was it necessary to race round the spina, a low stone wall running down the center of the circus. The jockeys drove in a light chariot—usually four in each race—and wore close fitting tunics and leather caps of distinguishing colors. That the profession was a paying one we learn from ancient writers, money prizes and wages being paid. The jockey Crescens at the age of twenty-two had amassed a fortune, and Diocles, the king of jockeys, left to his son more than $1,000,000.

An American actor was once seeing London from the top of a 'bus. As they swung down the Strand he asked the driver to point out the places of interest.

"Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'll where they 'ang 'em."

A little later: "There's Parliament 'ouses, where they make the laws wot does it, across the way.

"An' there's Westminster Habbey, where they buried the good uns wot didn't get 'anged!"—The Argonaut.

A story is related of a young man who was recently married to the daughter of a wealthy merchant, says The Tattler. The groom did not have a penny, but he was honest. He was so honest that he would not even prevaricate in the marriage ceremony. He was repeating what the minister said—

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," read the minister.

"With all thy worldly goods I me endow," repeated the groom.

This was real honesty.

They were already discussing their summer vacations

"But don't you think," said the athlete, "that everybody ought to learn to swim?"

"Of course not," said the dyspetic, "What would you think of a fish that insisted upon learning to walk on dry land?"

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H. S. FRENCH, Editor and Manager

Coleman, Friday, July 3, 1908

HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

The action of the government in making provision for the construction of the proposed Hudson Bay railway will be good news to the people of the west. For years the subject has been before the people in one way or another, but for business reasons the opinion of the east was against it and everything that could be used as an argument was used against the project. In recent years the Canadian Northern railway undertook to build a spur out from their Prince Albert line at Etolinami, to Fort Churchill, and have constructed over two hundred miles of the five hundred that will be necessary to build to the bay. Now, the government are undertaking to build a line that will cover the distance between the Grand Trunk Pacific and Fort Churchill and which will be paid for from the receipts obtained from the sale of certain parts of the public domain in the district to be benefited by the construction of the road. With the building of the Hudson Bay road a series of roads to the short-cut to European markets will at once be inaugurated. The C. N. R. will not hesitate to complete the road which is now nearly half built. The C.P.R. will seek to avail itself of the Fort Churchill route so that the congestion of grain traffic may be helped, and there is little doubt that the Great Northern will avail itself of the same emporium on Hudson Bay to get the shorter route from the western states to the markets of the world. Already the Dominion government have sent out surveyors to Fort Churchill to take necessary action towards laying it out for city purposes and the rush to that port, which the Daily News referred to some time ago, will be on very soon. It is safe to say that ten years from today a new ocean shipping emporium, with a population from 50,000 to 100,000 will be established at Fort Churchill, which will handle a larger grain traffic than is now transferred at the city of Buffalo. As has been well said, the twentieth century is Canada's century.—Calgary Daily News.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Grover Cleveland was in many respects a big man. His bigness does not, however, stand out as the distinguishing feature of his presidential career. He was, before all other things, a politician in whose selfish ambition every consideration of patriotism and humanity was lost. The great American public, in its admiration for the ability and capacity of Grover Cleveland, will remember his merits in his death and forget his weaknesses. History will remember Grover Cleveland as a politician who, in pursuit of power, did not scruple to bring Great Britain and the United States to the verge of war, at a time when conflict between these two nations would have been a calamity unprecedented in the world's history. The bigness of Grover Cleveland's ruthless ambition is written in the Venezuelan message. His littleness is written in the decoy letter to Sackville-West, British ambassador at Washington, and his subsequent play to the gallery of the anti-British element in the United States. The American republic has been served in the White House by men whose public lives were an inspiration to the youth of the land. History will include Theodore Roosevelt in the list of United States presidents who have embodied ideals to which coming generations might aspire. But history can pay no such tribute to Grover Cleveland, whose ideals were whatever expedients he deemed necessary to promote his personal interests.—Winnipeg Telegram.

FASHIONS AS LURE FOR SATAN'S USE

Chicago, June 30.—"Merry widow hats? Polka-dot veils? 'Hipless' skirts? High heels?"

All the devil's contrivances, says Rev. W. A. Bartlett, pastor of the First Congregational Church.

Here are some of Mr. Bartlett's views on fashion, with which he startled youthful members of the West Division Christian Endeavor Union at the Jackson Boulevard Christian Church.

"Do not let the world dictate to you concerning the clothes and hats you shall wear. I believe the devil uses the fashions to make fools of people, as much through these things as in what we call sins.

"Why should a good looking Christian girl rig herself up with a hat the size and shape of a plaster stuck on the back of her head, held on by a perforated mummy cloth, drawn tight across her nose and other features till her own mother would not know her from a bandaged patient waiting for the ambulance?

"She has a short skirt which is well enough, but it reveals too often a number six foot crammed into a size three shoe, with a two inch heel stuck in the middle, making a gait like that of a boy who has fallen into the water with his clothes on and is making a desperate effort to walk as if he enjoyed it.

"Then add to that the vigorous chewing of gum, which draws the mummy cloth more closely than ever, and you have a spectacle to make angels weep especially those who have charge of the millinery department.

"Why! in my judgment a girl would look far prettier in one of those old-fashioned bonnets which were sometimes made to look like the fire protectors that mother used to put over pie to keep it from the flies.

"Let the men be funny with their clothes, if they want to. Let them wear cuffs on the bottom of their trousers, turned up to reveal their spotted socks and big ankle bones. Let them wear a tin-plate hat, the size

and shape of the one worn by the Italian organ grinder's monkey, and attach their faces to crooked pipes and jam hands down pockets that reach to the knees, till they have an attitude of one in great pain.

"The Lord makes the male bird more gorgeous to make up to him for lack of character. He was to be the searcher for worms and supply the larder, while the modest mother bird was the real head of the home and brought the birdlings out of the eggs she had laid. So the woman has the adornment of love, sympathy, kindness and the beauty of life—if she will.

"A woman wants to look well. God implanted that desire and it is right; but why should a sweet face be distorted by a fashion as heathen as that of the Fiji, and a good figure by nature be contorted into that of the old Black Cook?

"Youth is the time of real pleasure, of enthusiasm, of sensitiveness and of formative life. It must not be disfigured by sin to the soul or sins to the body."

OUR BESETTING SIN

The Right Rev. Chas. Scadding, D.D., bishop of Oregon, U.S.A., in his Lenten pastoral letter to his diocese, which are worthy the consideration of every Christian of every name and place:

"Our besetting sin is the breaking of the Lord's day, or the neglect of the worship of Almighty God. This terrible impiety, which is widespread among us is a three fold evil. It is a symptom of spiritual disease; it is itself a grievous sin, and is a sure cause of religious decay and death.

"A wave of irreligion has been sweeping over this country. Some who used always to be 'in the spirit on the Lord's Day,' began to spend that most holy and blessed day in mere idleness and sloth, then in purely physical exercises and amusements or in domestic and social festivities, forgetting God. But such waves of popular corruption and folly ought no more to move a churchman and 'Child of God,' than the passing clouds move a granite hill.

"I, therefore, bespeak your faithful and loving observance of this Leut, with all its duties and its privileges, and its opportunities for public worship and instruction."

ESCAPED PRISONER BROUGHT BACK

Macleod, Alberta, June 30th.—C. R. Johnson, the man who, while in the custody of the mounted police at Macleod, three years ago, succeeded in escaping and making his way into Montana, is back again in his old cell in the Macleod guard room. He has been fighting extradition proceedings for some months, but without avail. W. C. Bryan, an ex-policeman, went over to Montana for the prisoner. He will be closely looked after between now and the date of his trial. Johnson said, it is rumored, that if he is convicted of cattle stealing, of which he is charged, he will take a lot of men in the Macleod district to the pen with him. Colin Macleod, barrister, it is expected, will defend the prisoner at his trial. This will be a very interesting case to hundreds of people, as it is said there are more than Johnson implicated in this affair.

ROWDYISM IN LACROSSE

Rowdyism will kill a sport quicker than a gatling gun will wipe out a bunch of Zulus. It has even been known for respectable persons to quit a prize fight when it got beyond the limit of all human respectability. Rowdyism seems to have eaten its way into the core of lacrosse in this city and unless the officials do something quickly to check its inroads, the players will soon be chasing the rubber to empty stands. Out of the scores of reasons which might be advanced there are at least two which should appeal both to players and officials. In the first place the spectators go to see a lacrosse match, and not a fight. If their inclinations were toward the squared circle, they would not probably be regular attendants at lacrosse matches, but would be present when the pugs meet. In the second place, when the players are mixing it up they cannot possibly give attention to the game, and it suffers. If for no other reasons, these two should be sufficient to decide the association and players against rowdy lacrosse. It might be interesting to cite an instance. Years ago Winnipeg was one of the lacrosse mad places of the west. Any old kind of a game would bring out a full house. The Shamrocks and Winnipegs were struggling for the championship and the feeling was akin to that between Vancouvers and Maple Leafs of this city. On the evening in question the teams got wrangling about the eligibility of one of the Shamrock players with the result that there was a raid on the box office to get money refunded and lacrosse has since been a dead issue in the Prairie City. Last Saturday the Victoria team showed elements of childishness when they walked off the field when their point man, Lorimer, was sent to the fence owing to a too vigorous slash. The players may not realize in the heat of the game that they are doing everything to kill the sport by such exhibitions. However, it seems that the whole thing is up to the association and officials who allow such scenes to mar the sport.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

It might be said that the yelling and hooting of some people at the foot and base ball games at Coleman on Dominion day are resented by the largest majority of those who attended the games. The idea of trying to "rattle" the players is a poor one, and there is no good sport who would take part in it. Clean sport is gentlemanly at all times, but trying to draw the attention of the players from the game is school boy's play. Pincher Creek should take their beating in a more sportsmanlike manner.—ED. MINER.

BLAIRMORE

H. E. Lyon is in Calgary attending the Dominion fair.

BORN—On June 22, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Dutil, a daughter.

Mrs. Thomas Hills is attending her sister at Lille, who is ill.

BORN—On June the 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Kanouse, a son.

H. Mathison, the pioneer coal man, is getting on very successfully with the development work at his mine west of Coleman.

Councillor Frier has commenced to build a new house in front of the public school. From the present appearance it will be a fine residence.

Constable Holmden of the R.N.W. M.P., had a bad fall from his horse here on Tuesday. He received severe injuries to his head, and had to be bandaged up.

Dan Sinclair, of the firm of Frier & Sinclair, has joined the noble army of benedicts. The many friends of Mr. Sinclair wish him and his bride a long life and every happiness in their new sphere of life. A new house is being erected for the happy couple.

Rev. C. C. McLaurin, general missioner for the Baptist convention, preached a powerful and interesting sermon last Sunday evening in the mission church, from the text: "What must I do to be saved?" The building was filled with an appreciative congregation.

An open air service was held on Tuesday evening, when the members of Frank Christian Endeavor were present. The speakers were: H. Haddon of Frank, Rev. J. Sergeant of Blairmore, Mr. Howarth of Frank, a member of the Brethren, and B. Gibson of Calgary. The service was organized by pastor Odel, who opened and closed with prayer. A good crowd was present who listened with rapt attention.

WANT AREA OF PRE-EMPTION EXTENDED

In the house last week Mr. Oliver gave notice of amendment to increase the pre-emption area by three or four million acres, making in all about 42,000,000 acres. The new boundaries are more regular, the added portions being the northeast and northwest corners, situated in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. John Herron of Pincher appealed for the extension of the nine mile area in which the homesteader may hold his pre-emption. He wanted the pre-emption area itself enlarged to take in more of southern Alberta, the people of which, he explained, had done much to build up Canada.

PINCHER CITY

Crops are doing fine.

Water now in abundance.

H. Ryan is in Lethbridge this week on a business trip.

A. A Dick of Calgary, is here on business this week.

Ask your druggist for "New Life," the world's greatest guaranteed cure for indigestion.

A large number from this place are taking in the Dominion exhibition at Calgary this week.

The Alberta Pacific Elevator Company shipped quite a number of cars of hay on Monday.

Ask your druggist for "New Life," the world's greatest guaranteed cure for indigestion.

Quite a number from this place attended the ball given by B. L. Griffith at Cowley last week.

Tom Campbell has gone to Calgary on a horse hunting expedition. He has a number of good horses on the range in that district.

Don't forget the strawberry social and band concert July the 15th, on the Methodist church lawn. A good time is assured. Watch for posters.

W. H. Read is making good headway in erecting the verandahs in front of the Alexandria hotel. When completed this will make a marked improvement in the appearance of the splendid building.

Rev. W. R. Seeley and wife left Monday morning for their new charge at Carstairs. They are driving the greater part of the way, calling on friends at Spring Point, Claresholm, Granum and Calgary.

Posters are out for the grand celebration to be held at the South Fork Canyon at Mountain Mill, on Thursday, July 16th. The Mountain Mill Sports Club are offering $700 in prizes. Numerous horse races and several foot races are enumerated on the programme, a polo match between Pincher Creek and the North Fork, for a silver cup, value $50, foot ball open to Crow's Nest Pass for cup valued at $50, base ball open to Crow's Nest Pass for cup valued at $50. Base ball, foot ball and polo matches start at 11 o'clock. Meals will be provided on the grounds. There will be a grand ball at night.

The new ferry over the Old Man's river was launched on Wednesday, June 24, and is now in good working order and a great improvement over the old one, which was too small and unreliable. In celebration of the event a pic nic was organized by Mr. Elliott and a large number from Summerview and Pincher City were in attendance. Fishing was not good on account of the river being high, but all enjoyed themselves. Quite a number of foot races were pulled off, which afforded much amusement, and during the evening there was dancing on the ferry to the time of some very good music composed of two violins and a mandolin.

FRANK

Dr. McKenzie of Bellevue, has gone to Calgary to the Dominion fair.

The big coal screen imported by the C. A. C. & C. company, is about installed and mining operations will be commenced about next Monday.

Dr. Bruce, dentist, of Macleod, has opened an office here permanently in the Mercantile block. J. B. Ellis, D.D.S., will be in attendance daily.

The Hill Crest C. & C. company, of Hill Crest, has resumed work with about 150 miners. The company have received an order from Spokane for 10,000 tons of coal. Lille and Bellevue collieries are making full time.

George Somerton, the enterprising jeweler, has gone to Montreal for a three weeks' business trip. Mr. Somerton's brother is looking after the business during his eastern trip. On his return it is Mr. Somerton's intention to open a branch jewelery establishment at Michel, B.C. His many friends here will wish him every success in his new venture.

Michel Murphy of the C. P. R. yard staff, and Miss Ethel McLeod, one of Frank's popular young ladies, were married Tuesday last. The Rev. Father Lajat performed the ceremony when only a few intimate friends of the bride and groom were present. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy will reside in town, and have taken up house keeping. Their many friends wish them a long and happy journey through life.

An Italian, Zyeto by name, was arrested in Fernie on Monday by Sergt. Haslett, of the R.N.W.M.P., and brought to the police barracks handcuffed. His offence was that a year ago last October while employed by the C. C. Co., of Lille, he got into an altercation with one Donahue, and in the melee stabbed him and immediately skipped the Pass, and detectives have been hunting for him ever since. The preliminary trial took place on Tuesday before inspector Belcher and E. Disney of Coleman. The prisoner was sent to Macleod to stand his trial. Zyeto thought he had escaped the police, but they had not forgot him. The way of the transgressor is hard.

HARVEST IN ALBERTA

STETTLER, Alberta, June 30.—On Monday last N. W. Harrington, 22 miles southwest of here, commenced harvest operations by cutting a splendid 110-acre crop of fall rye. The crop was over thirty inches high and showed splendid head.

Mistress: "Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in." Jane: "Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."

The Real Man

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Polly was to take part in an amateur play.

"It's such fun," she announced on the evening of the first rehearsal, "to act with real men! At school, you know—well, at school we didn't have any real men."

The "real men" laughed. There were three of them. Two were old friends and admirers of Polly. The third, Bradley Rogers, she approved the moment he was introduced to her.

"Well," asked Polly gayly, looking over the printed cast in her hand, "which of you is my lover?"

Solemnly, with hands on their hearts, all three bowed.

"You are all very silly," said Polly, blushing. "Now, please be serious. Which of you is to be 'Captain Wheeler, Claire's lover, absent on the field?'" she continued, reading from the play.

"I am cast for that unfortunate part," Bert Crawford answered.

"Unfortunate?" queried Polly, and she raised her pretty eyebrows haughtily.

"Unfortunate," Bert hastened to explain, "because 'absent on the field' for two whole acts, you notice, gives these other fellows too much chance to cut me out."

"Oh," smiled Polly graciously, "then Mr. Marshall and Mr. Rogers are rivals for my hand, too—Claire's hand, I mean."

"No; haven't the pleasure," sighed Jim Marshall. "I'm only your brother."

"Never mind, Jim," said Polly comfortingly. "I'll be a real sweet sister to you. And what are you, Mr. Rogers?"

"Your father," answered Rogers laconically.

Polly found the admission exceedingly amusing.

"But what possible chance do my father and brother have of cutting you out?" she asked Bert suddenly.

"Oh," explained Bert carelessly, "I meant they'll cut me out with the audience. No chance to win any bouquets and that sort of thing."

"But you'll win me, I mean—what's her name?—Claire."

"Oh, I'll come out strong in the finish," Bert returned confidently, at which Jim shot him a look that escaped Polly's notice. It did not escape Rogers' observation, however, and he smiled at the thought of the fun to come behind the scenes.

"Who's to be my girl chum, Natalie?" asked Polly, again consulting the printed cast.

"Mrs. Rogers," Bert answered. "And she'll be dandy in that part too. Where is she tonight, Brad?"

"Couldn't come. The baby had the croup or something or other."

Polly wheeled around suddenly on the piano stool and faced Rogers.

"Do you mean to say," she asked accusingly, "that you don't know what's the matter with the baby?"

Rogers, taken by surprise, looked very much embarrassed.

He began to stammer an explanation, but got no further than "Well, you see, Miss Noyes," when the "prompter" arrived and the reading over of parts and the studying out of stage business began in earnest.

As the rehearsals of the play progressed Polly found them absorbing beyond all her expectations. As it happened, Mrs. Rogers, owing to the baby's illness, had not been able to take the part of Natalie after all, and Elsie Williams, Polly's intimate girl friend, was prevailed upon to try it.

This change in the cast, simple as it seemed, was the cause of other changes far less simple.

For one thing, Bert Crawford, whom Polly had grown through force of habit to regard as one of her most effective satellites, suddenly wavered from his accustomed course and began to revolve at a very dangerous speed around Polly's friend Elsie.

Now, Polly ought not to have resented this, for she knew very well in her heart that she never intended Bert to develop, so far as she was concerned, into anything beyond an obsequious and ornamental attendant. However, since he was her lover in the play, it piqued her not a little to have him constantly missing his cue while making love to Elsie behind the scenes instead.

On one of these embarrassing occasions Jim Marshal came to the rescue with what seemed to him nothing sort of an inspiration.

"See here, Polly," he exclaimed jovially as Polly, alone in the center of the stage, impatiently waited the dramatic entry of Captain Wheeler after his "absence in the field." "I've got a simply corking idea. Bert and I will change parts. You see, off the stage he's Elsie's lover, and on the stage he's your's. Now, why not fix it as it really is and let me be your lover on the stage as well as off? Don't you think that would work out well? I'd be on hand for this scene, you can bet your life!"

But Polly received his suggestion with anything but enthusiasm.

"Don't be foolish, Jim, and please hunt Captain Wheeler," was all she answered.

Accordingly Bert, alias the missing captain, soon rushed in, and Polly ran to meet him, "falling into his arms with a cry of joy," as the stage directions called for.

"Oh, that will never do at all," complained the prompter. "You don't act as though you were really glad to see him, Miss Noyes. And you don't stay long enough in his arms. You just jump away as if you'd been shot."

Polly made up a comical little face and tried the scene over again.

"No," sighed the prompter. "That wasn't any better. Now, after you've rushed into Captain Wheeler's arms, Miss Noyes, just stay until you're comfortable."

There was a general laugh at this, and then Jim Marshall came forward, as usual, with an original suggestion.

"I don't believe it's all Polly's fault," he said. "Just let me try the scene with her, and then Bert can see how it ought to be done."

But Polly scorned the offer.

"I'll try it with Mr. Rogers," she said archly. "You see, he's perfectly safe."

The shout that went up at Bradley's expense did not daunt him.

"Everything comes to him who is modest," he paraphrased good naturedly.

So Polly tried the affectionate welcome home scene with Bradley—and a strange thing happened. In each of the many times she had rushed into Bert Crawford's arms she had felt embarrassed and conscious. Her one impulse was to tear herself away again. But when Bradley's arms closed about her she felt a strange thrill of happiness, and as she looked up into his face their glances met in the discovery of an unguessed secret.

"There," exclaimed the delighted prompter, "that's something like! Now try it again with Mr. Crawford, Miss Noyes."

But Polly wouldn't.

"I'm tired of the old scene," she said laughingly, determined that no one should guess how madly her heart was beating. "I'll do it all right the night of the performance truly. Now, come on, Mr. Rogers; you're my father again now, you know, and I've got to tease you into letting me marry Captain Wheeler. I'm going to be most irresistibly persuasive tonight—to make up for my failure in the last act," she added gayly.

And she was irresistible. Twice Rogers forgot his cue, so fascinated was he in watching her.

At length came a resting space, and Polly and Rogers found themselves alone in the music room.

"What did you mean, Miss Noyes," inquired Bradley half jokingly, half seriously, "by saying I was 'perfectly safe?'"

Polly blushed scarlet, though her tone was admirably nonchalant.

"Why, that you're married, of course."

For a moment Bradley looked absolutely nonplused; then he burst out laughing.

"Well?" queried Polly, doubting her senses.

"'All the world' has evidently become a stage with you, Miss Noyes," he answered, smiling at her amusedly. "Of course as your father in the play I am married, but as your—as Bradley Rogers I'm a single man, on honor."

"Then who are Mrs. Rogers and the baby?" demanded Polly, not yet convinced.

"My sister-in-law and child," Bradley announced. "Surely you didn't think—"

"But I did," broke in Polly. "I thought so all along from the night of the very first rehearsal. If I'd known"— She broke off suddenly in confusion.

"If you'd known?" repeated Bradley, looking straight into her eyes.

They heard the prompter calling them.

"Goodness," exclaimed Polly, "we're missing our cue. Come on, daddy," she added mischievously.

Polly entered with a flourish, turned toward Bradley, who followed with his hastily assumed old man manner, and held out her arms to him appealingly.

"You will let me marry the man I love, won't you, daddy? Do say yes," she pleaded.

Bradley gave his reluctant paternal consent, and Polly threw her arms about his neck affectionately.

"You dear!" she half sighed, half whispered.

The prompter and the rest of the cast applauded, unaware of the real love scene going on behind the curtain.

Diamond Back Terrapin.

The government fishery experts declare that less than 20,000 of real diamond backs are in existence in and about the Chesapeake and that the toothsome reptiles are eagerly purchased at prices ranging from $175 to $200 per dozen. The rivers, creeks, marshes and inlets of the Chesapeake territory fairly swarmed with diamond back terrapin forty years ago, some of them fully twelve inches across the shell. None of these is ever seen now. Eight inch terrapin are like pound gold nuggets. Negroes made a precarious living in the old days selling diamond backs to farmers at 50 cents the barrel for hog feed. A barrel of eight inch terrapin would now easily bring $1,500.—Exchange.

Kaiser's Ready Revolver.

Emperor William II. is never without his revolver, and he is extremely skilful in the use of the weapon. It is inspected and freshly primed every morning, so as to make sure it is in perfect working order.

Firmly convinced that he is going to die by the hand of an anarchist—this fate having been prophesied for him long ago—he is determined to make a stern fight for his life, and to have at any rate the satisfaction if he fails of inflicting some injury upon his assailant.—P. T. O.

A Pill for All Seasons.—Winter and summer in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

She—The idea of 'im a-tellin' me 'ow children ought to be fed! Why, I've buried ten o' my own.—The Tatler.

"Why do you wish to be a street car conductor when you grow up, my boy?" asked the minister.

"Because they always have such nice, dirty hands," said the small boy who observed things.— Detroit Free Press.

The person who has once experienced the pleasure of a cup of delicious "Salada" Tea—that feeling of satisfaction that its purity and flavor guarantee, is not easily persuaded to accept a substitute. 28

In an amateur play a fugitive from justice was supposed to have escaped from his pursuers by concealing himself under the table. The table was small and the terrified fugitive somewhat lengthy.

The commander of the pursuing party rushed on the stage and fell over the legs of the man he was searching for.

Picking himself up and ludicrously rubbing his shins, he convulsed his audience by exclaiming in true dramatic style:

"Ha! ha! The dastardly villain has eluded us again."

The First Coins.

While the first actual coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, king of Argos, in 895 B. C., it must not be supposed that there had not existed a keen appreciation of the value and uses of money for centuries previous to the introduction of coinage. The ancient Egyptians had a gold and silver standard of currency, and their money was in the form of gold and silver ornaments, rings and nuggets, the purchasing value of which depended on their weight. The Greeks improved somewhat on this system by first marking the weight on gold and silver nuggets so that it would no longer be necessary to reweigh them every time they were to be used for purposes of exchange or trade. Then came the introduction of gold, silver and copper nuggets of graded uniform sizes and value. The next step was the molding and stamping of disks made from the precious metals. Some of these first coins were enormous, the idea apparently being to discourage the greedy from attempting to accumulate and carry around too many of them. There were copper coins as large as dinner plates. While the idea was based on excellent motives, it had to give way before the demand for smaller and more convenient forms of currency, and the giant pennies soon dwindled in size to meet the popular demand.

A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.

Roses, Red Roses, and 'Twas Dr. and Mrs. Jason's Wedding Anniversary.

"Well, well! What does all this mean?" Brown nodded toward the large bunch of gorgeous roses that lay on the table in the doctor's office. Brown and Dr. Jason were friends enough to allow of their relations being free and easy.

"G. P.," replied the doctor, coming in and shaking hands.

"G. P.? What does that stand for?"

"Grateful patient."

"Oh, yes, of course." Brown looked across at the doctor quizzically and added, "A lady, I presume?"

The doctor was a married man, but he was a favorite among the fair sex. His wife was aware of it, too, but not approvingly so. In fact, it was common gossip among their friends that she did not view the numerous visits of Dr. Jason's feminine patients to his office with anything like complacency.

"Yes, a lady," answered the doctor.

"A story behind it, I suppose?" commented Brown.

"Yes, in a way," said the doctor. "She was my patient several years ago. She lives out of town now, but every time she visits the city she never fails to send around a bunch of these roses."

"Um," said Brown.

"She is simply showing her gratitude, and then the roses add a decorative touch to the office, you know," explained the doctor.

"Um," said Brown. "Mrs. Jason is pleased to have your work appreciated in this way, I have no doubt."

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," said the doctor hastily. "But, say, old chap," he said, placing his hand confidentially on Brown's sleeve, "I wouldn't bring up the subject when you come around to the house, you know."

At this moment a step was heard outside the office door, and it opened to reveal Mrs. Jason. She swept the room with a glance, greeted Brown pleasantly, and then her eyes fell upon the sheaf of roses. Brown was about to plead an engagement and suddenly fade from the scene when Mrs. Jason gave an exclamation.

"Why, Henry, you dear!" she exclaimed, gathering the roses in her arms and turning upon her husband with beaming countenance. "You were just about to send them up, I'll bet. Of course they are for me! And I have been reproaching you all the morning. Of course you couudn't forget it was our anniversary, could you, dear boy?"

The doctor became a new man in appearance on the instant.

"Of course not, my dear," he said enthusiastically, sweeping her into his arms.

And as he looked across his wife's shoulder at Brown the two men exchanged glances. One was an appeal for congratulations, and the other rendered it quite nobly.—New York Press.

Poured.

"I have poured every day this week at some function or other," remarked the vivacious girl.

"Well, well!" murmured the old gentleman who overheard her. "Now I know what is meant by the term 'a reigning belle.'"

Public Cooking.

To buy one's own fowl or joint and watch it being roasted at a public "rotisserie" at the rate of 5 cents a pound is a privilege possible for New Yorkers to enjoy. This method has all the elements of novelty to attract the inhabitants of bachelor apartments and the young couples playing at light housekeeping in limited quarters. Capon, squab and sweetbreads may be cooked here without fear of exchange for an inferior article, as the suspicious housekeeper is invited to sit down and watch her purchase being roasted on the automatically revolving spit. When done to a turn her property is delivered to her in a neat box, which she tucks under her arm.—New York Sun.

The Australian Way.

Owing to the abundance and cheapness of meat in Australia restaurant keepers have for years been able to give astonishingly liberal meals for 12 cents. But they are not satisfied with the margin of profit, and they have decided in conference to raise the price to 14 cents. One of the reasons assigned for this step is the "abnormal appetites" of their customers. It is the hospitable custom in Australian popular restaurants not to charge for a second helping of anything, and you can have as many cups of tea as you please after having paid for the first one. It is the freedom with which this privilege—unknown in America—is exercised that cuts down the profits.

To Be Sure.

Teacher—If a vehicle with two wheels is a bicycle, and one with three wheels a tricycle, what is one with only one wheel?

Scholar—A wheelbarrow.— Illustrated Bits.

Eminent Statesman—What are the infernal newspapers saying about me now, Chicksey?

Private Secretary— They haven't mentioned your name for a month, Senator.

Eminent Statesman—Dash the newspapers!—Chicago Tribune.

MONSTER AIRSHIPS.

Enormous Ones to Be Built by the French Government.

The French war department is actively pushing the construction of the new dirigible La Republique and is expecting to have this new aerial warship ready in May. The 1908 budget includes the construction of two dirigibles of like size, and when these are completed the government will undertake to build several larger airships of twice the size. The plans for the first of these have been drawn up recently by the Lebaudy brothers and submitted to the war department. The length of these new airships will be 100 meters (328 feet), the greatest diameter 11½ meters (37¾ feet) and the capacity between 7,000 and 8,000 cubic meters (247,198 and 282,542 cubic feet). The horsepower will be 240 and will consist of two 120 horsepower four cylinder Panhard engines driving two separate propeller shafts extending the entire length of the body and carrying a propeller at each end. Thus there will be four propellers, two (one at the front and one at the rear) being operated by each motor. In case of a breakdown of either of the engines the other is sufficiently powerful to drive the airship to its destination.

There are also to be two lifting propellers mounted on vertical shafts for the purpose of obtaining stability under the most adverse conditions. The envelope will be constructed of waterproof fabric supported upon a rigid frame in a similar manner to that of the Zeppelin airship, while the balloonette to allow for expansion and contraction will also be retained.

Following out the plan of the Italians Crocco and Ricaldoni to use their hydroplane gilding boat with aerial propellers as the body part of a new Italian dirigible which is being constructed, it is proposed to use the motor boat Panhard-Tellier, which has its engines already installed, as the body part of the new French dirigible. It is expected to obtain a speed of sixty kilometers (37.28 miles) an hour. The lifting power of the new airship will be in the neighborhood of eight tons.—Scientific American.

The Husband a Sample.

Mrs. Westend—You'll not find me difficult to suit, Norah.

Norah (the new maid)—I'm sure not, ma'am. I saw your husband as I came in, ma'am.—Tit-Bits.

The change of dietary that comes with spring and summer has the effect in weak stomachs of setting up inflammation, resulting in dysentery and cholera morbus. The abnormal condition will continue if not attended to and will cause an exhaustive drain on the system. The best available medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It clears the stomach and bowels of irritants, counteracts the inflammation and restores the organs to healthy action.

Overheard on the Links.

"Neatness is essential on the links," said H. J. Whigham, the golfer, at a dinner in Chicago. "At Shinnecock Hills one day I played behind two young and pretty girls. Overtaking them, I heard the younger say, 'How many holes on this course, Aileen?' 'Nineteen, dear,' said Aileen, 'including the one in your stocking.'"

Sour Grapes.

"What a pity you are engaged so young, my dear," said the maid who was beginning to carry weight for age. "You will never know what fun it is to refuse a man."

"No, I suppose not," rejoined the fair debutante, "but you can't imagine how much fun there is in accepting one."—New York Press.

HOW AUTOMOBILING AFFECTS the COMPLEXION

Massage With Cold Cream Before Going Out.

The Powder is the Last Touch.

AUTOMOBILING in the early spring is undoubtedly injurious to the complexion, for the breezes are not soft and the dust is irritating to the skin. It would be a pity, however, for the girl who cares for her complexion to altogether eschew the sport, and there are many things that she may do to render the trip harmless.

Naturally, when one goes for an afternoon spin in a motor, the wind and the dust would not be enough to cause any bad effect whatever upon the complexion, but so many people nowadays take such long trips, regardless of wind and weather, and the treatments suggested are for these; for no girl wants to acquire a typical "motor skin"—a harsh, coarse complexion that soon takes all the youth from her face.

Before starting on the trip some good cold cream should be massaged well into the skin with a rotary motion, always working upward and outward from the corners of the mouth. This keeps the wind from drying too much the complexion and from biting into the skin.

A very satisfactory cream for this purpose is made of four ounces of oil of sweet almonds, six drams each of white wax and spermaceti, two drams of borax and one and one-half ounces of glycerine, two ounces of orange-flower water and fifteen drops each of oil of neroli, of bigarade, of petit grain. Melt the first three ingredients, add the glycerine to the orange-flower water and dissolve the borax in the mixture. Then pour it slowly into the blended oils, stirring continuously. This is a skin food, and one that has a cleansing effect.

The massaging has given the complexion a tonic—a help to withstand the incessant breeze made by the swift motion—but the last act, before tying on the veil, should be to powder the face, giving it as far as possible an extra coating. Next the veil, and the girl is ready to face anything.

But the care of her complexion is not yet complete; for, when she comes home, the dust has made her face smart—it is unused to such strong breezes—and she must dampen cloths in whisky and lay them on her face; while the whisky is healing the skin she should lie down, relaxing so that the muscles and tiny tendons may have complete rest, thus avoiding wrinkles and crow's feet. The dampened cloths should stay in place for quite five minutes—to give the tonic an opportunity to soak well into the skin—then a good steaming will quite remove all traces of the dirt and tiny particles of sand, giving the face a clear, smooth appearance. Last of all, rub in a very little cold cream, wipe carefully off and apply a little powder.

These various treatments may seem formidable; they might, to some, take away all the pleasure of motoring; but in later years, when wrinkles come, when the face becomes set into the expression one naturally assumes when facing the sun, the woman who has neglected her complexion will be very sorry she did not seize the opportunity when she could, with the expenditure of a little time and pains, have preserved the freshness of a youthful complexion.

A Protection Against Dust and Wind.

Apply Cloths Dampened With Whisky after a Windy Ride.

Aids to Health and Beauty

OWING to the great amount of mail received and the limited space given this department, it is absolutely impossible to answer letters in the Sunday issue following their receipt. The letters must be answered in turn, and this oftimes requires three or four weeks.

All correspondents who desire an immediate answer must inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a reply. This rule must also be complied with in regard to personal letters.

Care of the Teeth

CURIOUS—The teeth may be preserved to a good old age if properly taken care of. Sudden extremes of very hot or very cold food or drink jar upon the teeth most injuriously and should be avoided. The teeth should be cleansed twice a day—on rising and before retiring. The brush should not be too hard, and one should not stop at brushing only the outside surface of the teeth, but should brush them inside as well.

Here is a recipe for a simple and non-injurious tooth powder: Precipitated chalk, four ounces; powdered orris root, eight ounces; powdered camphor, one ounce. Triturate the camphor in a mortar, moistening it with a very little alcohol. Add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly and sift through a fine bolting cloth.

Henna Hair Stain

F. G.—The henna stain gives the hair a reddish tint. To make it, take one ounce of henna leaves; steep in a pint of boiling water for twenty minutes. Let stand until it gets cold. Strain the liquid. Apply to the hair by the aid of a small sponge. The henna will sometimes stain the scalp, but the stain can easily be removed by soap and water.

Bunions and corns are due to improperly fitting shoes, and one should do everything to prevent them. Have the shoes and stockings a trifle too long for the feet, so as to relieve the pressure on the toes. Soak the feet night and morning; wipe dry and rub with a mixture of one tablespoonful spirits of turpentine and lard (equal parts) or turpentine and sweet oil (one to three parts) until the soreness subsides. Dust between the toes with talcum powder and place a little cotton between toes, so as to absorb any moisture.

Lotion for Oily Skin

MINTA—If the skin is the least bit greasy, never use any cream on it, for this will make matters worse instead of improving them. Apply this lotion to the face once a day: Boracic acid, one dram; distilled witch hazel, 2 ounces; rosewater, two ounces.

Hardening Pomade

ANXIOUS—This pomade is to be used after massage. Simply rub a little over the flabby skin and allow it to remain on all night: Oil of sweet almonds, six ounces; white wax, three ounces; tincture benzoin, one and one-half ounces; rosewater, one and one-half ounces; pulverized tannin, six drams.

The roughest, hardest, reddest hands are in a short time made smooth, soft, white and beautiful by the following treatment: Every night keep the hands in warm water, washing them with good soap, rinse in clear water and dry thoroughly with a coarse towel, and in doing so rub the hands from the tips of the fingers backward. Next rub a little cleansing cream well into the skin, and allow it to remain from five to ten minutes, then take a dry, soft cloth and remove all the cream possible. This will remove all the dirt from the pores. Then apply a skin food, which should be left on all night.

To Fatten the Neck

F. R.—To make the throat full and round, the best exercise is to bend the head slowly forward until the chin touches the neck, and then slowly raise the head to its normal position. Repeat these movements until you are tired. Then bend the head as far backward as possible. Sitting erect in a chair, bend the head from one side to the other, and then roll the head to the right, left and forward. Another good position is to let the arms hang loosely at the sides. Raise the shoulders as high as possible, then forward, down and backward until a circle is formed. Continue this for a time and then reverse the motion. Do this every day for five or ten minutes.

Again, stand perfectly erect with the arms at the sides, lift them up vertically, inflating the lungs as the arms ascend. At the same time rise up on the tips of your toes and throw your head back, at the same time touching the backs of the hands overhead. As the arms slowly descend exhale from the lungs.

Treatment for Bunions

SORE FOOT—Get a bunion plaster of the druggist and nick with the scissors around the inside circle or opening. Moisten the plaster and put it over the bunion. Put a small wedge of felt between the great toe and the second toe, which will throw the foot more into shape. It will greatly relieve the pressure of the joint.

Draw the stocking on carefully. When you put your shoe on you will discover that the enlarged joint does not begin to show as much with the plaster on as without. And all pain and irritation are prevented by wearing the plaster, which makes it impossible for the leather to come in contact with the sore joint or irritate it.

You will find this a very good massage cream for developing the bust: Lanolin, five ounces; spermaceti, one-half ounce; mutton tallow (freshly tried), four ounces; cocoanut oil, four ounces; oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; tincture of benzoin, one dram; oil of neroli, twenty drops.

Mix as you would any cream of the sort. Rub on gently at night.

Skin is Too Dry

MARY—Cucumber cream is just as beneficial as any cold cream and is excellent for the drawn feeling of the skin. Here is the formula: Expressed juice of cucumbers, one-half pint; deodorized alcohol, one and one-half ounces; sweet almond oil, three and one-half ounces, shaving cream, one dram; blanched almonds, one and three-fourths drams. This is a suave lotion, very whitening, softening and cleansing.

Gymnastic exercises faithfully practiced will restore the symmetry of your figure. Go to some gymnasium under the supervision of a competent instructor and follow the exercises prescribed.

To Make Cosmetic Gloves

SOCIETY—Use soft, large, leather gloves, three or four sizes too large. Rip them open and spread the inside with one of the following preparations; then sew the ripped seam up. The simplest, and, therefore, the least troublesome, paste to make is this: Pine tar (refined), one teaspoonful; olive oil, one pint. Melt in a water bath, scenting with rosewater or some other perfume. This is a preparation which does not spoil.

The following preparation for use with cosmetic gloves is slightly more elaborate: Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rosewater, six ounces. Melt the wax in a water bath and add the myrrh to it while it is hot. After beating them together, add the honey and rosewater. Beat all up and add glycerine by the teaspoonful until you secure a paste which will spread nicely.

For the Complexion

MRS. A. N.—A teaspoonful of the tincture of benzoin to an ounce of rosewater forms a well-known lotion which is excellent for whitening the skin. Apply this to the face before retiring, leaving it on all night.

If the face burns and smarts after it has been washed, massage a good cream well into the skin. The following is the formula for an excellent cream: Oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; white wax, six drams; spermaceti, six drams; borax, two drams; glycerine, one and one-half ounces; orange-flower water, two ounces; oil of neroli, fifteen drops; oil of bigarade (orange skin), fifteen drops; oil of petit grain, fifteen drops.

Melt the first three ingredients, add the glycerine to the orange-flower water and dissolve the borax in the mixture; then pour it slowly into the blended fats, stirring continuously.

Outside My Range

DAISY—Your question can hardly be answered through these columns, as it does not deal with the health and beauty queries. However, if you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I will gladly reply to your letter.

Superfluous Hair

MISS TEDDY R.—For the superfluous hair on the arms use the following recipe: Sulphydrate of soda, 100 grains; chalk, 200 grains.

Mix thoroughly and keep dry in well-corked bottle until wanted for use. Take enough to make a paste, and add warm water to it until the proper consistency is secured. Spread over the hairy surface, and allow to remain for from one to five minutes, according to the nature of the growth and the susceptibility of the skin; then scrape off with a blunt blade—a paper knife, for example. It should be removed, as in every case with a depilatory, when the burning sensation is produced. Too long contact with the skin should be avoided, and immediately after the hair has been removed the denuded surface should be gently washed with warm water and a cold cream or a bland oil applied to prevent irritation.

I would not advise a girl of your age to reduce the size of her bust. Wait until your form has fully developed and give nature time to do her work; then, if you find you would like to improve your figure, it will be advisable to use any of the formulas printed in these columns.

Ointment for Scant Eyebrows

JENNIE—The recipe I am about to give for the eyebrows is also good for the eyelashes. Apply with a tiny toothbrush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated, then less often. Be very careful when applying the ointment that none of it gets into the eyes, for it will, like any other oil, inflame them: Oil of lavender, fifteen drops; oil of rosemary, fifteen drops; tincture of cantharides, two drams; vaseline, two ounces.

For Brittle Finger Nails

E. W.—Take equal parts of refined pitch and myrrh or of turpentine and myrrh melted. Mix together and spread upon the nails at night. Remove in the morning with a little olive oil. This paste will nourish the nails and make them stronger.

Try the following treatment for the blackheads: Tincture of green soap, two ounces; distilled witch hazel, two ounces. Let this mixture stay on only a few moments; then wash off with hot water.

If the green soap irritates the skin, as it sometimes will, use it every other day. Apply a cold cream.

Green soap may be purchased at any drug store. It is not a regular "cake soap," but it is about the consistency of custard.

Open each seed acne with the point of a fine cambric needle. The hardened mass must be pressed or picked out. The empty sac of the gland should then be bathed with a little toilet vinegar and water, or with a very weak solution of carbolic acid and water. Sterilize the needle before using it by dipping into boiling water, as the use of any instrument, unless the skin, as well as the needle, is thoroughly cleaned, is always dangerous.

Snow of Cucumber

PEGGY—For the freckles use this mixture: Two small cucumbers, four ounces olive oil, two ounces lanolin, one dram white wax, one dram spermaceti. Heat olive oil. Slice up the cucumbers, not removing the peel, and place in the oil. Leave for twenty-four hours. Strain.

AMATEVR FENCING

On Guard.

The Attack.

FENCING, now become so popular with women, has proved itself to be beyond all other exercises the thing to teach surefootedness, agility, suppleness, while the muscles gain strength, the brain keenness and the eye a marvelous quickness—an instantaneous focus. All of which is useful in daily life and extremely desirable, for nothing makes a woman or man more attractive than general alertness, mental or physical.

If one would open wide the window of her room to admit plenty of fresh air, then, with a long flexible foil, try to touch the same spot in a target, she will receive all the benefit that the muscles could get even with an opponent, and a good one.

It lends interest to exercise, it makes a something to look forward to, not dreaded. The position adopted naturally decreases the size of the waist and hips, while holding the foil with arm outstretched cannot fail to develop both arm and wrist and develop all the muscles of the back.